BEATEN BY DEATH

A Pizen River Tragedy Being the Story of a Hold-up.

MOLL DOYLE'S SHINDIG

And What Was Called a Dull Night at the Red Onion—How the Englishman Held Up Kennedy and Beat the Sheriff and His Posse—His Sister's Money Saved and His Last Note to Chuck Kennedy.

The night it happened was a dull one at the Red Onion, because there was a shindig up at Moll Doyle's and all the high flyers were there bent on making a night of it. At midnight Chuck Kennedy let his bartender and his two dealers go, got down off the lookout, shut up the faro box and the stud-poker deal and said to the few players in the room:

"Here, fellows, 'f you want to play it's got to be roulette 'r northing. Far as I'm concerned I'd as lief shut up."

Then to Hitchcock, the young Englishman, whose play alone had made the night worth while to the house:

"Luck again you, eh? How much'r you out?"

"More than I care to say," murmured Hitchcock, slipping his pile into his coat pockets and standing up. "I'm hit hard, Chuck, but if you don't mind I'll bet a few on the wheel."

Two of the players dropped out and slunk out of the lamp-lighted room. A Mexican tanner, who smelled of his trade, Connolly, the one-eyed hack driver, and Hitchcock were all that sat in at the roulette board. They bet dollars where the Englishman bet tens and Chuck felt sorry for the stranger:

"Better quit, Hitchcock," he growled as he swept another hundred off the board and split a stack of whites between Connolly and the Mexican. "Don't you never get tired losing? I'm tired o' winning YOUR money."

The flushed, weary eyes of the foreigner looked at Kennedy's for a moment.

"You can't win forever," he murmured drowsily. "I've got to get even; GOT to. Hear that, Mr. Kennedy?"

The gambler allowed that he "wasn't deaf," smiled sleepily and rolled again. This time Hitchcock cashed but the Mexican and Connolly lost, and quit.

"They ought to be a load up to Moll's," said the hack driver, passing in his little pile of chips, "and I got to get busy. G'night, Chuck! G'night, gen'lemen!"

And out he walked, while the Mexican curled up in a chair to watch the game and Hitchcock built his towers of ivory on the red spots. He watched with furtive eagerness the little ball as it whirred and spun around the moving groove, listened to it tinkling across the brass divisions, bounding in and out as it struck the sloping center and finally settled—on the black!

Kennedy reached for the Englishman's white castles in Spain and swept them into the drawer. The player's mouth was drawn and blue. He looked at the Mexican and then at Kennedy's white, nervous fingers. He glanced about the silent room. They were alone—these three. Hitchcock made no move to play again.

"All in?" queried Chuck.

"I've got another hundred up at the hotel," drawled the Englishman. "If you'll just wait till——"

"Not on your life," blurted the dealer. "I'm tired. I give you a run for your money and, as I told you first, 'tain't your night to win."

"But I've lost nearly six thousand, Kennedy; I'm entitled to——"

"You're entitled to lose sixteen thousand 'f you don't know when to quit. That's what. I'm going to bed. It's two o'clock."

Kennedy took his pistol off the edge of the table and slipped it into his holster. He drew a buckskin bag out of the drawer and dropped the "bank" and the winnings into it. It was a bad move. He should have put the money away before the pistol, but Kennedy was sleepy. His eyelids were heavy, but he looked up when he heard the Mexican grunt and bawled:

"Git, greaser! Go to be-e-ed?" with a rising inflection.

He saw the Mexican's frightened eyes fixed on Hitchcock and following their warning flash turned slowly round and looked quite narrowly into the muzzle of the Englishman's six-shooter.

"Drop the bag, Kennedy, if you please," said the broken but deliberate gambler.

The bag, fat with his thousands of paper and gold, chugged on the oilcloth top of the roulette.

"Look out!" as he saw Kennedy's hand swing slightly backward, "hold them up, higher, higher. That's it."

"I hate to do it, Kennedy," said Hitchcock backing slowly toward the door and holding his artillery level at the dealer's face. "Fact is, the money wasn't mine; belonged to sister, sick sister—and—I couldn't stand——"

He was gone! In an instant Kennedy had out his gun and started for the steps down which he heard Hitchcock bounding. He had reached the hallway below just as the Englishman swung into the saddle. The pony, struck with the spurs, bounded away like a catapult. Kennedy could hear its hoofs smite the hard street as it stampeded, but he could not see, for the glare of the lamps within had made the night seem blacker and denser than ever. He stood in the middle of the wide, deserted street and fired his pistol at the clattering hoof beats, but they only went swifter and at last fell muffled and dim on the prairie sand at the edge of town.

Then Chuck, tricked at his own oft-practiced gun play, outwitted by a tenderfoot who hadn't been in camp two weeks, heard the cluttering, far-off music of Old Moll's overworked piano, wondered if his glory would fade when the "gang knew," and, wondering, cursed the empty pistol in his hand, the Mexican who had slunk away and the Englishman already far out on the mesa. But there was no help for it but to organize pursuit. He saddled his own pony, and at daybreak he had turned over the "business" to Sheppard, the faro dealer, and with Pat Hickey, the sheriff, and Butch Holiday, the foreman from Maxwell's, was off across the mesa after Hitchcock.

"He's makin' fur the railroad," said Hickey, as the trio swept away across the wind-swept tables of sand, "just like a sneakin' tenderfoot."

And sure enough at noon they were riding in his tracks as they led into Jolla, a railroad station of four houses, a corral and a water tank. Hitchcock had stopped at one of the houses for a meal and drink, but "he never dallied a minute when he got done," said the housewife, who kept a sort of "feed parlor" for cowmen. "He just give the hoss a swally an' started off towards Pizen River." They changed horses at the corral and were gone with the hot coffee dripping from their mustaches. The Englishman's trail now led away from the railroad, skirted the drying bed of the river and stretched away toward the shifting sands of that moon-swept sea of hot, white silicate that the miner and cowboy shuns and which is called Poison Paradise, because at its verge runs the slimy river whose water is death to man or beast.

"To-night or I quit," said Maxwell's foreman, spitting the alkali from his parched lips. "We can't drink again until we get to Jolla."

And they galloped all night, taking turns in the rocky bed of the river, where it was cooler, and watching the edges where Hitchcock's pony had floundered in the sand. It was 9 o'clock and the sun, like a blazing furnace hole, was blistering their red faces, when they found the fugitive's pony, dead in the sand with his stiff legs stuck into the fetid air from the mound of sand already drifted about his body. At noon, hoarse with the hot dust, and thinking the curses that their swollen tongues could not utter, they saw HIM. He was sitting on the sand by the oozy muck of that spring which fed cool death to the river. Long before they reached him they saw that he was bent over something that glared while in his hands. But he did not hear them, and when they had scrambled out of the low margin of the river and up near where he sat they saw he was writing. They had their guns out now, the Winchesters, and the exhausted ponies herded about him. But he never looked up.

Hickey snatched the paper from his hands and read it, while Kennedy, lusting for the money, held his gun at Hitchcock's head.

"Dear Chuck," read the sheriff with a grin, "I gave the money to my sister at Jolla and told her to go on the train. I hope she's gone. If you follow me here, don't drink the water. It's poison. I tried to drink it further down the creek, but—good-by, Chuck, I couldn't help——"

Kennedy kicked the Englishman and the dead body rolled over in the sand and lay mocking at the sun, the brazen sky and the famished men from the Red Onion.

THE HALF NOT TOLD

The Tax Payers Should Be Willing to Pay a Little Higher Rate in Order to Support More Firemen.

Editor Sunday Globe:

I was pleased to see an article in your paper calling attention to the deprivation endured by our fire fighters.

I think we will not always have such men as we now have if we do not show more consideration for them.

Please get the whole arrangement before the people and I think the time will not be far distant when these men will have an opportunity to realize that they belong to the human family.

I feel humiliated to think I must be benefitted by their sacrifice.

If necessary would not the tax payers be willing to pay a higher rate (although one would think it high enough now) if by so doing we could have a double force of firemen? I for one would.

There would be employment for more men, and they would feel that they were appreciated.

Our police have it hard enough, but our firemen are little better than prisoners. I have neither husband or sweetheart in the fire department, but know there is very little pleasure in life for those who have.

We do not live by bread alone.

I wish there were many like yourself to work for the betterment of the people.

May you prosper.

GLOBE READER.

The Days of the Week.

The period of time known by all Christian nations as the week, consists of seven days, for which we have Biblical authority. Among the Chinese and Thibetans, however, the week consists of only five days. It is said that the Greeks and Romans had no such division of time before the introduction of Christianity. Aside from the religious significance of the seventh day for rest, it has been found a most convenient division of the lunar month. During the French Revolution the observance of Sunday was abolished, and the week was made ten days in length. It was found, however, that a rest day oftener was absolutely essential to the physical welfare of the people, and it was found necessary to return to the old method of counting the week as seven days.

It is usually stated that the days of the week are named after the seven planets of the Egyptian astronomers. Thus Sunday is the sun's day; Monday the moon's day; Tuesday is called by Saxon people from Tiw, a deity who corresponded to Mars in the Roman mythology; Wednesday comes from Woden, who was the Saxon equivalent of Mercury; Thursday from Thor, who was to the Saxons what Jupiter was to the Romans; Friday from Fria, the Saxon's Venus, while Saturday is Saturn's day. The Chinese days of the week are named for iron, wood, water, earth and air.

Saw the Joke.

A prominent Bostonian inquired of a London shopkeeper for Hare's "Walks in London." The shopkeeper, after much search, found it on his shelves, but in two volumes.

"Ah," said the Bostonian, "you have your Hare parted in the middle over here."

"What?" queried the Englishman blankly, passing his hands over his hair.

The next day the Bostonian called for another book.

"I'm so glad you returned," said the Englishman. "I want to tell you I see that joke."

"No," said the manager of the provincial theater, "I don't think we can stand another 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' this year. "But this is something new; we've brought it up to date." "Oh, I guess we've had all the variations of it here," asserted the manager of the theater. "No, you haven't," persisted the manager of the company; we do away with the bloodhounds entirely, and have Eliza chased with an automobile."

A New York preacher quit speculating on theology long enough to speculate a little on Wall street, and as a result is $35,000 ahead. "Feed my lambs" is well enough in its way, but shear the lambs makes a fatter pocketbook.

FAMOUS CRACKSMEN

Count Max Shinburn, Chauncey Johnson and Ed. Rice.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS SECURED

By This Trio of Accomplished Burglars, But in their Old Age they are Paupers and Petty Thieves Owing to the Invention of Burglar Alarms and Other Devices of Modern Science.

One of the unaccountable things which governors, pardoning and parole boards regularly perform is the release of professional burglars either by pardon, commutation of their sentences or parole.

If there is a criminal who will not, who cannot reform it is the burglar. Yet he is the preferred prisoner by the pardoning powers for their favors. The writer has statistics to establish the fact that in the Ohio Penitentiary ten burglars are paroled, commuted or pardoned for one of any other class of criminals. The counterfeiter is rarely shown mercy, the burglar has it showered on him, yet the unholy gain of both classes bear no equitable proportion whatever. The burglar sometimes in a single job makes more than a counterfeiter could accumulate in a life time. And now Congress is being asked to make the penalty for the counterfeiter more severe and his chance of pardon less.

Here are short sketches of a few famous burglars, who have been put out of business by modern science in the construction of safes and inventive alarms. Old age, too, has become a factor in their present harmless condition:

"Count" Max Shinburn, after defying the vault and safe makers of the world and looting banks in this country and abroad for an aggregate gain of $5,000,000, the great criminal fell a victim to modern science. He was released not long ago from the Clinton (N. Y.) Prison, after a five years' term for robbing the Middleburg Bank, penniless, gray with age, broken in health and spirit. The story of the man's life is full of chapters which one finds it hard to believe. In his prime he was truly the greatest criminal in the world. Ruloff, the butcher, who fought his way to freedom scores of times over the bodies of his own victims, excelled him in daring perhaps, but no criminal that ever lived has his mechanical genius.

Shinburn is a German who was taught the trade of a machinist and locksmith by his father, came to this country before he was seventeen years old and had launched on a career of crime before he was eighteen. He had wonderful skill as a locksmith and was taken up by two noted criminals, George Bliss and "Fairy" McGuire, whom he met in a New York gambling house. They used him in robbing a New Jersey bank, and the success of the venture was due primarily to his skill. He progressed rapidly, and as his ability became known in the "crook" world his services were in constant demand. He probably engaged in twenty robberies before his name became known to the authorities. He had scarcely attained his majority when he was planning out big robberies for himself.

At that time the only safe in general use in banks and business houses in this country was that made by the Lilly Company. Shinburn figured that a man who could master the secret of the Lilly combination lock could loot every Lilly safe in the country. He decided to go and work for the Lilly Company. Bliss and McGuire agreed to keep him in funds while he studied. Such an expert machinist as Shinburn had no difficulty in getting the job he wanted. It took him over a year to obtain all the information he needed for the successful consummation of the series of robberies he had planned, but he kept at work with patience. The most important discovery he made at the time was that a person wit. acute hearing could, by putting his ear near the lock of the Lilly safe and turning the dial, discover at what number the tumblers dropped into place. He made a careful study of difficult combinations and is credited with a discovery that is said to have driven the Lilly safe out of the market. He removed the combination from a safe and then placed an impressionable piece of paper under it. Then he turned the dial slowly and found that whenever a combination number was reached the impression on the paper became more distinct. By using a microscope Shinburn was able to tell when the combination numbers were. With this mass of valuable information Shinburn and his associates plundered Lilly safes all over the country, finally driving the Lilly Company out of business. Time and again the man was arrested and several convictions are on record against him, but no prison was ever strong enough to hold him for long.

With the police of the country after him Shinburn went to New York city and invested a large sum of money in the stock market. He was warned to fly, as the authorities were closing in on him, but he calmly waited to see how his investment would turn out. A sudden rise in the market brought him a fortune, and with over $1,000,000 of stolen money he sailed for Belgium, with which country the United States had no extradition treaty at that time. He purchased the title and estate of a decrepit nobleman and blossomed forth as Count Shinburn. He spent thousands of dollars on entertainments, the magnitude of his operations on the Bourse staggered the native speculators, and his enormous winnings and losings were commented on all over Europe. For 15 years he kept up this gate, then came a series of misfortunes and the great bank burglar was penniless once more.

He went to Paris, met some fugitive American crooks there and planned the robbery of the Provincial Bank at Vivieres, Belgium. The merest accident in the world resulted in the arrest of Shinburn and his pals; he was sent to jail for five years, but escaped in a month.

Some of the big jobs that Shinburn engaged in were the robbery of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company's office at White Haven, Penn., of $70,000 in cash by tunneling his way to the vault from an adjoining building; the robbery of the Walpole (N. H.) Bank of $50,000; the robbery of the St. Albans (Vt.) Bank of $20,000; the robbery of the Ocean Bank of Greenwich street, New York, of $1,000,000 in money and securities; the robbery of the West Maryland Bank of $25,000.

Shinburn has shot a dozen men, been shot several times himself, and has broken jail fully a dozen times. It was over five years ago that Shinburn, an old man then, ran up against modern science. It was at the Middleburg (N. Y.) Bank. He and his associates got to the doors of the vault and had blown away every obstacle with nitroglycerine before they realized that they had set off a burglar alarm. Shinburn escaped on a handcar, but was arrested later in New York city.

Chauncey Johnson, a man who stole over $2,000,000 in his time, died penniless not long ago while serving a term in prison for stealing a pocketbook from a woman in a New York city bookstore. He took the pocketbook because he was in need. In his time he was one of the most skillful and successful thieves in the country, but the field for his peculiar talents had disappeared. He stole $100,000 from the Hatter's Bank at Bethel, Conn., and $400,000 from the Marine National Bank. In 1863 he walked into a Philadelphia bank with a long steel wire, hauled $14,000 out through the paying teller's window right under the official's nose. He took it in three packages and wasn't detected until he had the third package almost out. In 1867 he walked into August Belmont's office at Wall and Williams street, New York, sauntered past clerks and office boys, reached Mr. Belmont's desk, took $25,000 worth of Government bonds from it, put them in his pocket and walked out again. A month after this he walked into the office of the Adams Express Company in New York just as the cashier was leaving his cage to go to luncheon. He slid in the cage as the cashier went out, put on the latter's office hat and duster, and while pretending to work over some books, rifled the cash drawer and safe of $10,000. He walked into a New York bank one morning and notified the bookkeeper that he had been discharged and that he (Johnson) had been employed in his place. While the indignant bookkeeper went to see the president about the matter Johnson vamoosed with $25,000. By similar exhibition of nerve Johnson robbed a number of hotel safes while the clerks were on duty but a few feet away. But his face became known, and it finally became a police custom to arrest him every time he appeared on the street. Prison life had robbed him of his wonderful nerve, and he descended to the petty crimes of the street, pocket-picking, &c.

An almost similar case is that of Edward Rice, better known as Big Ed Rice. He was last arrested for stealing a pocket-book from a woman in a Twenty-third street car in New York City. Once or twice before that he had been accused of picking pockets, but the crimes could not be fastened on him. When convicted of the street car robbery Rice broke down and confessed that he had turned pickpocket because there was nothing else for him to do. The only money he had for over a year was what he could raise by pawning the scarfpins, watches, and articles of jewelry he had stolen from men and women in street crowds. This confession from a man who, with his associates, had stolen millions in his time, was interesting. Next to Shinburn he was regarded as the most dangerous bank-robber in the country.

Around the country to-day there are probably a score of other crooks who thrived and made fortunes by their nerve and skill in the palmy days of the cracksman. But their day has passed and every year two or three of them are picked up for some trifling crime that fifteen or twenty years ago they would have scorned to think of committing. Electricity and the modern safe have driven them to the wall. Gradually they are dying off. James Dunlap, a great bank burglar, who was pardoned by Governor Russell of Massachusetts in 1890, was recently arrested in Chicago while polishing a set of the portable burglar's tools that Max Shinburn invented. Bent with age and his eighteen years of prison life, coughing his life away with consumption, this one time brilliant thief worked away over his tools, which, as he afterward confessed, he was going to use to break into a candy store.